Dem. Well roard Lyon.

Duke. Well runne *Thisbie.*

Dutch. Well ſhoone *Moone.* Truely the Moone ſhines with a good grace.

Du'ke. Well mouz'd *Lyon.*

Dem. And then came *Piramus.*

Lyſ. And ſo the Lyon vaniſht.

Enter Piramus.

Pyr. Sweete Moone, I thank thee for thy ſunny beames,
I thanke thee Moone, for ſhining now ſo bright.
For by thy gracious, golden, glittering beames,
I truſt to take of trueſt *Thisbie* ſight.
But ſtay: ô ſpight! but marke, poore knight,
What dreadfull dole is here?
Eyes do you ſee! how can it be!
O dainty ducke, ô deare!
Thy mantle good, what ſtaind with blood?
Approach ye Furies fell,
O fates come, come, cut thred and thrum,
Quaile, cruſh, conclude, and quell.

Duke. This paſſion, and the death of a deare friend would goe neere to make a man looke ſad.

Dutch. Beſhrew my heart, but I pitty the man.

Pir. O wherefore Nature, didſt thou Lyons frame?
Since Lyon vilde hath heere deflour'd my deare;
Which is, no, no, which was the faireſt dame
That liu'd, that lou'd, that lik't, that look't with cheere.
Come teares confound, out ſword and wound
The pap of *Pyramus*:
I, that left pap, where heart doth hop;
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
Now am I dead, now am I fled, my ſoule, is in the sky,
Tongue loſe thy light, Moone take thy flight,
Now dye, dye, dye, dye, dye.

Dem. No Die, but an ace for him; for he is but one.

Lyſ.

Lyſ. Leſſe then a

Duke. With th
uer and proue an a

Dutch. How ch
Thisby comes back

Duke. She will fi
and her paſſion end

Dut. Me-thinke
a *Piramus*: I hope

Dem. A Moth
which *Thisbie* is th
ſhe for a woman, G

Lyſ. She hath ſp

Dem. And thus

Thiſ. Aſleepe m
O *Piramus* ariſe,
Speake, ſpeake. Qu
Muſt couer thy ſwe
Theſe lilly lips, thi
Theſe yellow cow
Are gone, are gone
His eyes were gree
O ſiſters three, con
With hands as pale
Lay them in gore,
With ſheeres, his t
Tongue not a wor
Come blade, my b
And farwell friend
Adieu, adieu, adie

Duke. Moone-ſh

Deme. I, and Wa

Lyon. No, I a
their Fathers. Wi
heare a Bergomas